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The WEEK in the WORLD of LITERATURE & ART

"Some Books on Outdoor Life."

Greyhounds Chasing a Jackrabbit
From "Life in the Open" COPYRIGHT 1906 G P PUTNAM'S SONS

"Thames Barges" from "Mast and Sail"
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"LIFE IN THE OPEN" BY MR. C. F. HOLDER

The Sportsman and Naturalist Tells of His Hunting Experience in Southern California.

FOR one who is in city pent, yet who retains red blood in his veins, no more delightful reading can be recommended than the book which the Messrs. Putnam will publish next week under the above title. Mr. Charles Frederick Holder, who is both a sportsman and naturalist, resides in the country of which he writes. He has sailed, tramped, fished and shot over every foot of the forest and sea, stream, plain and mountain, which he describes with infective enthusiasm.

Equally expert with rod, gun and pen, he chronicles the adventures of a naturalist and the experiences of a sportsman. Into the exciting narrative is woven a mass of interesting information in regard to the social life as well as the flora and fauna of the country he loves.

The spirit of sport and of the open air informs every page of the book. The most sluggish reader will be stirred into new life as he opens the book at the first chapter and reads the story of man and horse and hound in headlong quest of the wily jack rabbit.

It was near Christmas time in Southern California. Winter, with its roses and its fields of wild flowers, was setting in. Twenty or more horsemen had gathered together in a valley near the Sierra Madre. The plan was to sweep through the eucalyptus groves and drive out any jack rabbit that might be hiding there.

For the jack rabbit, the fastest and most long winded of all known animals, is so sure of his powers that he scorns the rancher—who in his turn hates him as a tree girdler—and boldly lives in the open. Even when chased he despises cover and always turns to the grim mountains, running up grade to wind his pursuers.

The hunt moved slowly along the eucalyptus groves, the master of the hounds in the lead. When half way through a cry from the master gave the word to the dogs, who dashed ahead, out into the open, only two score yards behind a jaunty, fluffy, tall eared thing, that bounded on as though its feet bore rubber cushions, while with a roar of sounds the hunt swept on in a long line at full and splendid speed.

"THERE is nothing more inspiring than a cavalry charge, and this hunt was a diminutive replica of one. The horses were eager for the chase, knowing well the meaning of the shout, and at once broke into a wild run; and when they cleared the grove the dogs could be seen reaching out in long lines and the bounding jack melting away into space. At this stage of the run he is enjoying himself at our expense. His long ears are up and as stiff as rods of steel. He runs by bounds and has an air of disdain. The speed is increasing every moment. The master of the hounds by virtue of his office is directly behind them, and after him, never overriding the pack, come the fortunate ones who can keep their place. Already some are left far behind, but a few horses are well to the fore and running at a pace that, considering the country, would bring a cheer from the grand stand at Ascot. The jack runs through a patch of sage brush, then turns slightly and crosses an orchard, and here is turned cleverly by old Ramon.

"He runs over a great white wash, bounding down its dangerous sides until it ends, then, alarmed by the determined thunder of bounding hoofs, he turns gradually and makes for the upper mesa. Suddenly the master of the hounds shouts a warning. Some turn at the brink of a knifelike cut or wash, ten feet deep, over which the jack goes like a cannon ball. You see that he is taking in sails, is not so disdainful; his ears are lying partly back over his shoulders, and the wonderful hind legs are working quicker and driving him ahead like piston rods. The dogs have lost some time at the turn, and he is two or three hundred feet ahead. Half the horses are out of the game, the wash is a discourager, and two philosophers are walking back, taking the chance of being in at the death in a double, but a small bunch of riders are well in and riding like the wind.

"LONG ago it was a runaway race; no attempt is made to stop or check the horses; it is their race, and some will not be stopped. The wind cuts the face and gravel fills the air, picked up by the flying hoofs, while the long lines of blue and gray are creeping up and on in a mysterious fashion. Perhaps you are with the master of the hounds in the lead where you can see every move of the horse, hound and game. You watch the marvellous machine just ahead; the dogs shooting forward, then dropping behind. You hear the master of the hounds speak to them; now quickly as the jack runs into the brush, where they lose sight of the game and are at sea. You see them look at him and spring in the air in great steely bounds, glancing quickly around, then, following the direction indicated by his horse, rushing out into the open. The hare is running down a vineyard, doubtless hoping to throw some unfortunate riders on to the black ugly stumps, just leafing out.

"But the horses know the place well, and just at the end the dogs close in and turn again, forcing the hare down through the level field. You see him now, not fifty feet ahead; not the jocund tree girdler that bounded out of the eucalyptus grove half an hour before, but a long gray object, with ears flattened out upon his back—a sure signal of distress—and a certain halting motion that those well in front take as an indication of a coming trick, a 'grandstand play,' for which the game is famous.

"Here indeed it comes.

"THE jack apparently disappears. Horses are jerked on to their haunches, a cloud of dust rises, dogs reach out and snap at something as it passes phantomlike, and you and I and the master of the hounds are away on exactly the back track, and the jack has gained one hundred feet. If you have been at the front you will know what it all means. The jack stopped suddenly, turned about a clump of sage in the open and dashed back directly beneath the horses' feet. Mouse, my own hound, misses him by the length of a tail, and other hounds snap at him as he goes by, unable to stop themselves, while the clever hare, taking all the chances, dashes beneath the horses and makes a splendid play for liberty.

"This turn is shown in the accompanying picture by Brewer, from a sketch of my own made from memory as I saw the manoeuvre, the jack running directly between the feet of my horse, which should be shown nearer in the illustration. It is here that the hunter who has given out and is looking on from some comfortable vantage ground often comes into his own without the attendant exertions as the jack comes back, and possibly is killed in front of him.

"In five minutes the horses and riders that have stood the pace are again surging to the front. The horses are wild with excitement; it is their hunt, and they know the finish is near. Several miles have been left behind, and the run has been over unbroken country. Now a blue dog seems to shoot ahead of the jack. He has been behind all the time, and you have half expected to see him drop out; but Pasqual has come into his second wind and makes a turn that brings a shout from every saddle. 'Good Pasqual!' Bravo, Ramon!'

"He turns the hare that is met by Mouse; but she misses. There is a flurry, and away down the mesa into a spreading wash they go over into an orange grove, with a roar of sounds, and the jack in a desperate effort to wind the horses takes the long palm environed drive toward a ranch house, and like a whirlwind the horses and dogs follow.

"The ranch house is straight ahead, and my friend has a long, wide hall running through it, for which the jack apparently is headed. I am wondering whether he will object to the hunt running through his home, when out he comes with arms uplifted. He does object, there is no question as to that, but it is the finish. A long, tan colored hound shoots ahead, a fluffy hare goes up into the air and the hounds close around, while one of the hunters in a desperate attempt to stop his horse and keep him from a flower garden goes on, and—tell it not in Gath—lands on his back among the pansies.

"It is a famous run. The death or finish was three miles from the start as the crow flies."

EQUALLY stirring accounts follow of deer hunts among rocky canyons down which tumble turbulent streams in their mad race from the upper ranges to the sea. The haunts of the water fowl along the coast and of the quail in the hills are also visited.

As for fishing, there is a thrill in every line of the chapter describing the pursuit of the tuna and the black sea bass with rod and line.

The black sea bass of Catalina, in Southern California, is the mightiest member of the bass family.

To aid the reader in his conception of this monster Mr. Holden bids him take a small mouthed black bass, build it up until it is six feet long and stuff it until it weighs anywhere from two hundred to five hundred pounds. It is nearly a perfect bass in form and figure, he adds. Its eyes are blue, its upper surface tinted old mahogany and its under surface gray. Its general appearance is one of ponderous dignity and sobriety.

But when aroused it is the hardest fighting game of these Pacific waters, the superior of the tuna or any of the great conquistadores of the angling arena.

"In the Tuna Club they have their black sea bass cups, on which their winning names and the ponderous weights of their catches are engraved; their linked gold badges, worn proudly at annual banquets, and, like all minorities, they claim the world as theirs. As each season larger fishes in both classes, tuna and blackfish, are caught the tension becomes more acute."

IT was Mr. Holder's luck to be present on the occasion when the largest bass hitherto known was captured. His boatman was a picturesque character known as Don Antonio Oromo. Various legends were afloat about this personage. None of them could be traced directly to him. Don Antonio certainly never claimed to be a descendant of Montezuma, or that his ancestor was a great captain of Viscaino's fleet, which visited the island in 1602. In fact, nothing could be traced to him except a statement that his grandfather once owned the island and traded the property, now worth millions, for a white horse.

No one had ever heard of him as a boatman or fisherman until one of Mr. Holder's friends discovered him. Indeed, a Mexican rival in the angling line, of no particular ancestry, laughed loud and long when he learned that "Tony" was going to row during the tuna season.

"What, him!" said Nicola. "He never see a gaff in he life. He fish? Why, he don' know a tuna from a skipjack. He mak' me tired, he do. There's a fac', Tony rowin'? Eh! Who say he's a Don? He better be up Middle Ranch grubbin' cactus, there's wha he b'long."

DON ANTONIO must have heard these remarks, but he said nothing. Whether deep in his Aztec heart he was determining to give back these taunts blow for blow no one can tell. The fact remains that he was another example of what opportunity will do for latent genius. He was born to fame, and, at the end of the season, not long after the midsummer solstice, still silent and imperturbable, he stood a prominent figure in one of the greatest feats in the world of angling, overshadowing and silencing all his critics among the boatmen, gaffers and chummers of the island.

IN brief, Antonio was boatman when the angler hooked the famous bass. It carried the boat out to sea with a sizzling rush. Don Antonio held the oars in silence, backing water, offering all the resistance possible, and keeping the stern of the boat to the fish. The sea was rising under the northwest wind, and to sit in the stern of the boat rushing against a heavy sea was to invite disaster. Once a big comber came surging in and rein had to be given to the wild steed, that fortunately turned inshore again, overrunning its former course. But it was presently a question of cutting away the fish or foundering, when the angler, in an inspiration, bethought him of a bottle of oil in the boat, and a moment later Don Antonio was pouring it over the side. The change was magical. The fluid mysteriously blazed a spot to the windward of the boat perfectly smooth, and presently the singular spectacle was witnessed of a low boat in the centre of a heavy sea, yet in a zone of perfect calm ten or twelve feet across. Here Don Antonio held the boat while the angler renewed the struggle, and, two hours from the strike, reeled the fish to the boat.

UP it came, swimming around in decreased circles, and as its full proportions dawned upon him, Don Antonio made a fervent appeal to the saints. The bass seemed as long as the boat—a giant—and as it turned its huge tail deluged the boat with oil and water. It was then than Don Antonio reached out and gaffed the heaviest fish ever taken with rod and reel, gaffed it well. But what then? It struggled like a wild bull, threatening to carry the anglers down, and it was only after a contest that the bass was securely lashed astern. Even then it could not be towed, as they were three-quarters of a mile off shore. A passing boat, whose oarsman was a rival of the Don, was hailed and came down to them, and with the camaraderie of sportsmen the world over offered their services. By the combined efforts of five men the bass was hauled into the boat, the fish filling it, the crew taking to the other. In this way the bass was towed ashore, where it was forthwith triced up on a huge crane and weighed.

"Three hundred and seventy pounds, Señor."

Little wonder that it had towed the boat eight miles and had been saved only by pouring oil upon the water.

As Don Antonio walked through the little town that night he was followed by Mexican boys who said in hushed tones, "It is he. He gaffed it." His victory was complete, and on the record book one may read after the entry of his patron's catch, "Don Antonio Oromo, boatman, the largest game fish ever gaffed."

A year later, however, the record passed to an angler from Philadelphia.

'MAST AND SAIL IN EUROPE AND ASIA'

MR. H. WARINGTON SMYTH, the author of this fascinating book, has spent several years in varied sea travel. He has here recorded the peculiarities of the principal types of sailing craft which he has observed in two continents. Of many of them he has had the actual handling.

He considers to some extent the causes which have been at work in the development of boats and the results attained under the conditions with which they have had to contend.

In the arrangement of the work Europe has been placed before Asia on account of its more immediate interest to the majority of readers.

Yet Asia may well claim precedence for the antiquity of its types of sea craft, which in most cases have a remoter origin than the oldest of those surviving in the Mediterranean or Norse seas.

The illustrations, which are many and good, present the reader with a bewildering variety of beautiful, quaint or eccentric craft—from the Thames barges to the Chinese junks.

The descriptive text is always lucid and informing. (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

Mr. Rider Haggard has dedicated his forthcoming novel, which is in a new vein for him, to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He says:—"So, as you found interest in it, I offer it to you in token of much I cannot write." Mr. Haggard wrote his story some two years ago, and it is the result of a trip to Egypt. The conjunction of the names of Haggard and Kipling reminds me of the lines of the famous quatrain, "When the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more."

Mrs. Russell Barrington, whose recent work on the painter, George Frederick Watts, will be pleasantly remembered, will bring out "The Life and Letters of Lord Leighton" in the autumn. Lord Leighton's sister is collaborating with Mrs. Barrington.

The World's Record Black Sea Bass
From "Life in the Open." COPYRIGHT 1906, G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS

WHAT LONDON PUBLISHERS ARE DOING.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, Saturday.—The syndics of the Cambridge University Press have arranged to publish a comprehensive history of English literature in twelve royal octavo volumes, of about four hundred pages each. It will cover the whole course of English literature, from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. The action of foreign influences and the part taken by secondary writers in successive literary movements will receive a larger share of attention than is possible in shorter histories, in which lesser writers are apt to be overshadowed by a few great names.

Each volume will contain a sufficient bibliography. It is understood that King Edward has passed for the press the first two volumes of selection on Queen Victoria's early correspondence, which Viscount Esher and A. C. Benson are editing.

A volume of reminiscences, entitled "Antoinette Sterling and Other Celebrities," is promised by Hutchinson. It is by Sterling McKinley, son of the late Antoinette Sterling, and it contains many chapters about her. One of the celebrities mentioned is Manuel Garcia, who, though now in his one hundred and second year, has given the author assistance in preparing it.

Some years ago Victorien Sardou wrote a play in which one of the characters was Lady Atkyns. She was thought to be a character and nothing more, but Sardou stated that he had actually come across her in history as a friend of Marie Antoinette. Thereupon Frederick Barbey went into all the records about her and wrote a monograph, which Chapman & Hall are to publish in English. The maiden name of Lady Atkyns was Charlotte Walpole, and she was the means of communication between Marie Antoinette and the English court.

The appeal of Bodley's librarian to the public for a sum of £1,700 to complete the purchase of Turbutt's Shakespeare and so retain the treasure in England looks as if it had been in vain, for on March 31 the chance will be gone and the volume will sail for America unless the total of £3,000 is made up. Three thousand pounds is not the sum fixed by Turbutt, but what he has been offered—by whom Turbutt will not say. It is only known that America is the probable destination.

Perhaps no one knows old London better than Austin Brereton. For some time past he has been busy writing the literary history of the Adelphi Theatre and its neighborhood, which Anthony Treherne is to publish and which is intended as one of a series of volumes on old London.

There never yet has been written a book on this historic district, in which Brereton has lived many years. There will be numerous illustrations, including views of the Adelphi at different periods, Garrick's house as it appeared when Dr. Johnson visited there, the library of Samuel Pepys, "Fox under the Hill," with its memories of Dickens, and other scenes connected with this interesting part of old London.

An announcement is made which recalls the mystery created at one time by a manuscript which came anonymously to the Bodley head in a red box. When it arrived the novel got the title in so many words. Its author proved to be the Rev. John A. Hamilton, who now has a new story appearing with Hutchinson. He entitles it "Captain John Lister" and it is "A Tale of Axholme" down in West England, where Hamilton lives. The time of the romance is the seventeenth century, when there was a stir in the West.

Probably nobody in the country knows so much about the history of Persia and its literature as Professor E. P. Browne, of Pembroke College. He has visited Persia in connection with the history of its literature, on which he has long been engaged. The second volume of the work, covering the period from Firdusi to Sadi—1000 to 1200—is to be published this spring by Fisher Unwin. It includes a chronicle of Omar Khayyam, who has been made so familiar in the West by Edward Fitz Gerald's translation.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Notes and News About Men and Women of the Pen Here and Abroad.

IT seems to be a common thing nowadays for two or more members of the same family to be given over to the writing habit. There are the two Thurstons, for example; the two Wards (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and her husband), and the two Lees (Gerald Stanley and his wife, Jennette), to mention but a few. In the latter case the wife writes fiction, the husband essays. Mrs. Lee has won several prizes with her short stories. She has written two or three novels. One, "Kate Wetherill," which, though it had not a very wide sale, made a profound impression. I know some people who take it almost as their Bible. Two other books of fiction go to her credit, and now in the course of a few days the Century Company will publish a new one with the attractive name of "Uncle William."

The family of Mr. Richard Harding Davis is also a writing one. His father, the late L. Clarke Davis, was not only an editorial writer, but he was a writer of books. His mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, was a successful novelist before her son Richard was born, and she is still writing. One constantly finds her stories and essays in the Atlantic, Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, the Independent and other periodicals, and her younger son, Charles Belmont Davis, has written some notable stories. There is a Miss Nora Davis who writes novels, but she is not Mr. Richard Harding Davis' sister, who bears the same name.

Egerton Castle calls his forthcoming novel "If Youth but Knew." This is a curiosity piquing title. The scene of the story is laid among the Thuringian Mountains, in one of those fantastic countries such as Anthony Hope selects for the scene of his stories, and as Mr. Castle selected for one of his most popular tales, "The Pride of Jennico."

MISS KATE SANBORN, who was one of the pioneers in the reclaiming of abandoned farms, has not forgotten that she was originally a writer. Though still an abandoned farmer, Miss Sanborn has found time to bring out a most interesting and unique book on old fashioned wall paper. One would imagine at first flush that there was nothing to say on such a subject, but Miss Sanborn has not only found a good deal to say, and to say it interestingly, but she has found an unusual lot of old papers from which she has taken illustrations. Wall paper, in the days of our grandparents, did not so much follow geometrical lines as it is apt to do to-day. Scenic patterns were popular seventy-five and a hundred years ago; and Miss Sanborn has reproduced a number of these of American, English and French manufacture. Only a limited number of copies of the book are printed, and these are likely to be disposed of very quickly among collectors. Not only does Miss Sanborn find time for farming and book making, but she writes a column or two of lively book reviews, particularly on out of door subjects, for a daily paper. Her home, "Breezy Meadows," is at Metcalf, Mass. Metcalf, by the way, is not an inappropriate name for a farming hamlet.

Edith Rickert's new novel, "Folly," seems to have "caught on." The book has been published only a few weeks and it is now in a third edition. The story is told with vivacity, and Folly is a sufficiently tantalizing heroine to provoke controversy.

Mrs. de la Pasteur, the author of "Peter's Mother" and "The Man from America," is the fortunate dramatizer of her own novels. She has made a play of "Peter's Mother" also of "The Man from America," both of which will see the footlights before very long. When an author can successfully dramatize his or her own novels it is a good thing; but as a rule a person who is not the author, if that person is a dramatist, can do the work better. I could quote a number of instances where books that might have made successes as plays have been spoiled for the stage because the authors would take a hand in the dramatization. Mr. Hall Caine, the Baroness Orczy and Mrs. de la Pasteur are exceptions to the rule.

ROY ROLFE GILSON has made himself a conspicuous figure among authors for the simple reason that he has refused to allow his photograph to be published. If Mr. Gilson made this resolution with an eye to advertisement he could not have done better. The proneness of young authors to be photographed in stained glass attitudes is a subject of painful comment among their readers. It is interesting to see the portrait of a man or woman who has made his or her name famous, but it is not so interesting to see the portrait of a man or woman who has made a temporary success with a temporary book. It should be a mark of distinction for an author to have his portrait published, but unfortunately it is not.

Vincent Brown chooses strange names for his novels. The first to shock the conservative public was "A Magdalen's Husband." A new one to be published during the spring is called "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix." Mr. Brown's stories are as startling as his titles.

J. L. G.